

# The Storaqram



## Vacation Number

Published By and For  
The Employees of  
*Kaufmann's*  
"The Big Store"



## *L'Envoi*

When Earth's last picture is painted, and the  
tubes are twisted and dried,  
When the oldest colors have faded, and the  
youngest critic has died,  
We shall rest, and, faith, we shall need it—  
lie down for an aeon or two,  
Till the Master of All Good Workmen  
shall set us to work anew!

And those that were good shall be happy: they  
shall sit in a golden chair;  
They shall splash at a ten-league canvas with  
brushes of comet's hair;  
They shall find real saints to draw from—  
Magdalene, Peter and Paul;  
They shall work for an age at a sitting and  
never be tired at all!

And only the Master shall praise us, and only  
the Master shall blame;  
And no one shall work for money, and no one  
shall work for fame;  
But each for the joy of the working, and each,  
in his separate star,  
Shall draw the Thing as he sees It for The  
God of Things As They Are!

RUDYARD KIPLING.

# The STORAGRAM

*The management does not see this publication until it is issued, therefore assumes no responsibility for articles printed in it*

*Published monthly by and for the employees of Kaufmann's, "The Big Store"; printed and bound in our own Printing Shop*

Vol. V

Pittsburgh, Pa., July-August

No. 7

## *Discouraged? Think of Lincoln!*

When Abraham Lincoln was a young man he ran for the Legislature of Illinois, and was badly swamped. He next entered business, failed, and spent seventeen years of his life paying up the debts of a worthless partner. He was in love with a beautiful young woman to whom he became engaged—then she died. Entering politics again, he ran for Congress, and was badly defeated. He then tried to get an appointment to the United States Land Office, but failed. He became a candidate for the United States Senate, and was badly defeated. In 1856 he became a candidate for the Vice-Presidency and was once more defeated. In 1858 he was defeated by Douglas. One failure after another—bad failures—great setbacks. In the face of all this he eventually became one of the greatest men of America, whose memory is loved and honored throughout the world. When you contemplate the effect of a series of setbacks like this, doesn't it make you feel kind of small to become discouraged just because you think you are having a hard time in life?—Selected.



## *The Skeptic Visits Bear Run*

We had heard so much of Bear Run that its praises were becoming trite and beginning to sound like the ravings of a copy writer preparing copy for a travel booklet, or the claims of a summer hotel. For want of proof, we decided that the best thing to do would be to pay the place a visit and see how nearly it measured up to the claims of its enthusiasts. So we did.

The trip on the train was the usual thing—a crowded coach, a noisy bunch and the usual pest alongside to call out the names of the stations before we reached them, shaming us because we couldn't call 'em out before he could. He shouted "Bear Run" somewhere near Connellsville and we foolishly grabbed baggage and hustled for the door, only to draw a big laugh from the wise ones.

We finally arrived, dusty, tired, and yes, hungry. The station wasn't very impressive, so we gave a superior snort and trudged up the road. Of course there was the usual escort to greet us but we were in a hurry to see the camp and soon left the rest behind.

The first view of the camp was certainly impressive. A sloping stretch of grass with the road on one side, the back-to-nature cottages on the other, at the top of the rise, the main building and annex. We began to imbibe enthusiasm right at this point.

Finding Miss McKenzie was an easier job than it is in the store—one just shouts right out at Bear Run—and, after we had been installed in our cottage long enough to dig up toothbrush and comb, we cleaned up for the event of the evening, a wiener roast. This was the first novelty that amused us—a roastless wiener roast—for, though we had fire a-plenty, nobody bothered to roast the hot dogs. They were eaten too hurriedly. Then coffee was served and the heavens opened for a little sprinkle while songs were sung, yells yelled and the man-about-camp performed his barrel-throwing stunt with his teeth.

Edgar Kaufmann, Jr., heard that we did not relish having torpedos thrown near us so he hovered about, waiting his chance to throw one, but we escaped neatly and hustled down to the pool for a dip, after Heyman had assured us that "the water was fine". He forgot to say what it was fine for, but we realize now—it was fine for ice-skating! After we thawed out, we hustled to bed.

The next day, July Fourth, we took a hike and gaped in wonder at the view from Lover's Leap, all the while making foolish remarks about its naming. We explored the Bear's Den but Bruin was out to lunch, so we walked to the nearest cottage and chatted about the history of the place with its occupants. In the afternoon we essayed the pool again but it was still about 30 degrees too cool for us and we stayed in but a short time. Greer, however, took a brave dive, with the able assistance of Heyman but was pretty hot when he came to

the surface. Then the two gave an exhibition of cross-country running while the audience on the banks of the pool shrieked with laughter.

In the evening we had more fireworks than three Italian weddings and the sky was lit up with rockets, star shells, flower pots and other beautiful pieces, while the campers looked on from ringside seats. Mr. Filson, who by the way, is a veritable polar bear when it comes to staying in cold water, touched off the fireworks. It was a wonderful evening, one of the best Fourth's in our memory. The next day, we arose early as usual. Funny how one awakens for a breakfast bell at Bear Run when it's so hard to hear the alarm clock at home, isn't it? It was a beautiful aftermath of the Fourth, nothing but rain—so much rain that we were in hopes we wouldn't have to go near the pool that day. However, even the rainy days can be brightened at Bear Run; and we couldn't complain for lack of action at all.

In the evening we attended a cabaret in informal attire. It should have been billed as a "stupendous production" for it really was such, and the extra dry champagne was excellent. The two Dutch dancers, the Hula maiden, the "manager" of the joint, Mrs. Hauser, the producer, the chorus girls—oh, all of them, were well worth paying to see and entertained us in fine fashion. After the cabaret broke up, the audience was invited to dance and responded nobly, though the Paul Jones had all the earmarks of a tug-of-war. Up the path with the aid of camp lanterns and so to bed—another wonderful day, despite the rain.

Sunday, the last day of our visit, dawned bright and early. We were shifted to a new breakfast table but the shift didn't affect our appetite in the least and we did full justice to the food before us. After breakfast, we attended church—the most unusual service we have ever attended—and then left for the pool with a carefree notion to stay in until we were blue with cold. We got blue in a hurry and hustled out. Played ball on the campus and soundly trounced our opponets, (though they may dispute this), because of our excellent teamwork and the hitting ability of our fair infielders.

After dinner we made another attempt to conquer the pool and finally got used to the water. Then we set out on a hike to the Bridal Veil or some such place. A wonderful hike it was, and all had lots of fun who came along.

In the evening, preparations were completed for the prize snipe hunt of the season and all started out. We, fortunately, were quite expert at the game and were taken along as instructors to the rookies. What a hunt it was! It was a toss-up between Barney Blum and the snipe hunt as to which was funniest. We split our sides laughing and more than once slid helplessly down in the road because we couldn't control our mirth.



The next morning we left camp and sadly rode home. It was indeed a wonderful week-end and we are most grateful to all who helped make it so for us. No more are we skeptics, no more do we doubt—we brag as much as the rest now.

—Ye Ed.

\* \* \*

### "Here Lies Barney Blum"

While we enjoyed ourselves immensely during our recent week end at Bear Run, we also witnessed a most touching scene there when we saw the premature burial of Barney Blum. Barney, so we gathered, hasn't many housewifely virtues and simply wouldn't take the trouble to make up his bed in the morning. A couple of his cottage-mates decided to cure him of this negligent habit and took his bed, mattress, pillow and all, out on the grass in front of the cottage.

This gave birth to an idea. Other campers, haprening along, noticed the bed and proceeded to place an occupant in it—a Barney Blum in effigy. A knotted limb of a tree sufficed for the head and neck, a pillow for his body, and



Barney's own shoes to add realism at the foot. A face was made from a handkerchief and some loose stones, a few relics were placed beside the corpse and the ghostly job was completed. To better inform the public, a sign was placed on the umbrella that shaded the corpse from the sun, "HERE LIES BARNEY BLUM—DIED OF SMALLPOX, SUNDAY, JULY 6, 1924."

Above is a most touching scene snapped by one of the mourners. Others are seen weeping(?) about the bier, and extolling the virtues of the corpse.

\* \* \*

### Sold At Last

Persistency in inserting the same advertisement, with no change of wording or illustration, is a trait of some advertisers.

A prospective customer wrote to a firm whose advertisement never seemed to change:

"Have noted your picture of one pair corduroy pants in 'Home Magazine' for past four months. More I see of them better I like them. If not sold as yet, please enter my order for same."—Forbes

\* \* \*

Who was the good looking blonde fellow who was seen with Ruth Burger from Mr. Moffatt's Office stepping out with her at the dance at Kaufmann's Picnic? Tell us who he is, Ruth?

### With Apologies To K. C. B.

DEAR FOLKS:

I'M QUITE old-fashioned.

AND AGREE with those people.

WHO THINK as I do.

THAT PROGRESS has drawbacks.

A SHINING example.

OF THIS strange paradox.

WAS UNCOVERED in an interview.

WITH LOUIS and Herbert.

THE TWO alert chaps.

WHO HANDLE the work.

AT OUR Shoe-Shine Parlor.

ON THE Main Floor.

WE WERE discussing shoes.

AND I must say here.

LOUIS AND Herbert know shoes.

FROM SLIPPERS to galoshes.

AND THEY bewailed the luck.

THAT BRINGS patent leather.

INTO FAVOR with women.

BECAUSE IT kills business.

IN A way.

AND LESSENS the melody.

OF THEIR cash register.

AND ITS joyous tinkle.

IS HEARD less often.

NEAR THE Shine Parlor.

AND I think it's sad.

THAT FASHION must be cruel.

FOR LOUIS and Herbert.

MISS A big revenue.

WHEN WOMEN clean their own.

AND CONTINUE to wear.

THE HATEFUL patent leather.

SO WITH Louis and Herbert.

I TOO bewail.

THE DRAWBACKS of progress.

AND HOPE for their sake.

THAT PIGSKIN or elkskin.

OR KID or cowskin.

WILL SOON supplant.

PATENT LEATHER

AND I hope they get.

A LOT more business.

FROM OUR store's fair ones.

THAN THEY are getting now.

I THANK YOU.

—W. J. D.

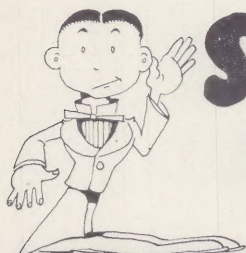
\* \* \*

### When Truth Hurt

Singer: "It was a very successful concert. My voice filled the hall, didn't it?"

Candid Friend: "Indeed it did. And I saw several people leaving to make room for it."—Pep.





# SOUNDS FUNNY BUT IT'S TRUE



## Our President's Early Ambition

From a most authentic source we have learned that Mr. Edgar J. Kaufmann in his boyhood was ambitious to become a horse trader. This ambition was inspired by his love of horses and the fact that he always had a horse or pony from childhood days until he reached manhood.

When Mr. Kaufmann entered the service he was given a chance to take advantage of his horsemanship because he selected the mounted artillery section. To this day he retains his liking for equines and is a keen judge of horse-flesh.

If his earliest ambition had been gratified, this wonderful building of ours would likely be termed "Kaufmanns' The Big Stable" by this time and our turnover problem would probably be confined to hostlers, jockeys and trainers, wouldn't it? With all due respect to your admiration for horses, Mr. Kaufmann, we're all rather glad you switched ambitions.

\* \* \*

## Wanted To Be A Big Leaguer

In boyhood, he played on the sandlots, talked, breathed and dreamed baseball. If he happened to be in a show that grew dull, (and there were plenty of such to him), he would forget the show, close his eyes and picture himself zipping them over the plate from the pitching mound of a big league baseball diamond.

College days came and he found he was a far better first baseman than a pitcher, so he dug them from the dirt around the first sack—all the time setting his mind upon climbing to a major league job. (Confidentially, he did

get a tryout with a big league outfit—but that's another story).

Just now, in addition to being the Secretary of "The Big Store" he's a member of the All Stars, a mushball team of championship calibre at the Westmoreland Country Club. You all know whom we mean, Mr. Irwin D. Wolf.

\* \* \*

## Pride Goeth Before A Fall

As manager of a college glee club, I once had ambitions to go into the theatre business, in what is known as the "front of the house"—where the box office is located. When Sam Kahl, manager of the local "opery house", phoned me that a crowd of freshmen were massing outside of his theatre preparing to enter without the formality of tickets, I saw a chance to make myself solid with Sam and save the fair name of the university. I resolved to go down and persuade the gang to disperse.

I got in bad right at the start by neglecting to remove my hat when addressing the assembled audience—something that no spell-binder should overlook. The crowd was not overlooking anything, however, and reminded me of the oversight. This was quickly corrected but the interruption threw me off my stride and the lines of eloquence I had organized on the way down sort of melted away. While I was setting on my feet mentally, a big freshman with a southern drawl boomed out, "We want to talk to the manager, not one of the stage hands." This got the crowd laughing and they broke up almost immediately. I had accomplished my purpose but not in the way I had intended.

JAS. H. GREENE.



## Caught At Bear Run

\* \* \*

The man who appears dazed while you flatter him is merely trying to think of an excuse to use when you ask for the loan.

## It's the Little Things

"Oh, it's just the little homely things, the unobtrusive, friendly things, the 'won't-you-let-me-help-you' things that make our pathway light. And it's just the jolly, joking things, the 'never-mind-the trouble' things, the 'laugh-with-me-it's-funny' things that make the world seem bright. For all the countless famous things, the wondrous record-breaking things, those 'never-can-be-equalled' things, that all the papers cite, are not like little human things, the 'every-day-encountered' things, the 'just-because-I-like-you' things that make us happy quite. So here's to all the little things, the 'done-and-then-forgotten' things, those 'oh-it's-simply-nothing' things, that make life worth the fight."—*Selected.*





The above gentlemen in informal, abbreviated attire are widely known about the store and these sketches were made from an old photograph because both are interesting characters here. The gentleman on the left is Mr. Powers, our Men's Furnishings Buyer, indulging in the luxury of a cold shower without the bother of plumbing.

The one on the right is none other than Mr. Bert L. Traub, our Sales Manager, with his mile-wide grin and deported cigar, (Senator size). Little Bo Peep and Mary's Little Lamb are also in the sketch but rather hard to find because of the larger figures in the foreground.

\* \* \*

### Sales and Tales That Are Told Reminiscences Of An Old Timer

This is the second of a series of articles written by I. Hohenstein one of the oldest employees of "The Big Store".

Peter Kline, who worked for The Big Store, in the Pup Kilt Suit Department about forty years ago, said to me one day, "Ike, if this store ever forms a strategy board, I will certainly recommend you for its president, as that was a very clever stunt you just pulled and it surely deserves recognition." At that time, I didn't exactly know what he meant by strategy, (as I was only a boy then) but I supposed he had reference to a sale we made that day under very peculiar circumstances.

At the period of which I write we were located on the other side of Smithfield at the corner of Diamond Alley. We occupied the two storerooms at the corner and while we had two entrances, the interior of the store was all one. Between the two stores on the outside we had from 50 to 60 dummies and other means of displaying our wares.

One day, I walked a man who wanted to look at an overcoat. At that time, we carried our men's overcoats on the second floor (we had no

basement store then) and the only means we had of getting to it was to walk up. About three-fourths of an hour after, I happened to be talking to Aaron Lehman when I noticed this customer coming down stairs and a salesman trailing behind with an overcoat in his hands. I heard the customer say, "Well, if you don't want to sell it for \$15.00, you can keep it." The salesman after another futile effort to sell him the overcoat at \$18.00 (which was \$3.00 above the cost) very mournfully left him walk out.

There was a little gloom in the store for a few moments after he had gone, because missing a sale in those days was a sad event.

However, time heals all wounds and after a few minutes of razzing, we forgot all about it. About fifteen minutes later, I happened to see this same customer come in the other entrance and of course, naturally supposed he had come back for the overcoat. I approached him expecting him to say "Well, I guess I'll take that coat", but to my astonishment, he simply asked to look at an overcoat. It dawned on me in a flash that he thought he was in another store (and right here is where Pete Kline accused me of being a strategist.) I said, "Just a minute", then quickly went over to Pete and said, "Keep him interested while I run upstairs." I ran upstairs and hastily explained the circumstances to Mr. Phil Frank, (who at that time was the clothing manager), and suggested that some salesman should wait on him other than the men who had tried to sell him before. He said, "All right, go down and send him up." Which I did. A fresh salesman greeted him, and in a few minutes sold him the same coat, which he had refused to buy before for \$18.00, at \$22.50. Never dreaming that it was the same coat or the same store, he walked away, all of which only goes to prove again that Barnum was right.

P. S.—This was long before the Store adopted the one price policy.

\* \* \*



A Study of Hanauer



## Eugene Friedlaender

The following write-up was clipped from a Braddock paper after Mr. Friedlaender gave the announcement of his coming here to this store. It speaks so well of our new Electrical Engineer that we feel it is well worth reprinting here.

The many friends of E. Friedlaender, the former superintendent of the Electrical Department felt a keen sense of personal loss upon his resignation June 30th, when he retired from the steel business to enter the organization of the Kaufmann Store as Chief Mechanical Supervisor. The organization feels that it has lost one of its most powerful, courageous, and impressive personalities, and every intelligent and loyal friend of Edgar Thomson hates to see him go.

Mr. Friedlaender came to the Duquesne Works as Chief Electrician in 1895, and in 1905 came to Edgar Thomson as Master Mechanic, becoming Chief Electrician two years later when A. E. Maccoun, formerly in charge of electrical work, assumed the superintendency of the Blast Furnace Department.

Mr. Friedlaender was graduated from the Charlottenburg Polytechnic Institute of Berlin, and has been for all his life an inveterate reader, keeping up the minute in his chosen science. The result was that, with his foundation of thorough education, years of experience and natural ability, he became known as one of the foremost electrical experts in the United States, ranking with the late Chas P. Steinmetz, of the General Electric Co., whose friend and associate Mr. Friedlaender was. His national prominence in the field of electrical science and research made his services in demand by the most important national societies of electrical engineers, and he was often requested to submit his views on difficult questions, or to review and criticize the speeches of the country's great electrical geniuses.

Always loyal to every man in his department, Mr. Friedlaender, found upon his going, that they in turn were loyal to him, for on his departure the Electrical Department presented him with the finest radio set that money could buy, in the hope that it will help keep his memory of Edgar Thomson friends bright and clear.

If we are going to lose Mr. Friedlaender, we are glad to that it is an organization like Kaufmann's that is getting him. Those that have met the Kaufmann boys themselves have

found in them the same spirit of intelligence, fairness, kindness, helpfulness, that Mr. Friedlaender always showed Edgar Thomson men of every rank and station. The "Bi Store" is managed by big men.

We recently had occasion to assist in getting posters and other announcements before the public for a benefit affair being given by Pittsburghers. When it came to placing these announcements in advantageous spots in the downtown districts of Pittsburgh, we found the proprietors of many business houses displaying very keen bargaining talents—they would permit the display of cards if given a couple of tickets, or otherwise repaid. After this experience we naturally felt, when approaching the Kaufmann boys, the rulers of Fifth and Smithfield, that we could prepare for a cool a frigid reception, to say the least. But we were wrong.

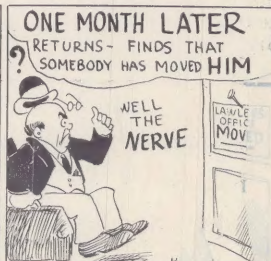
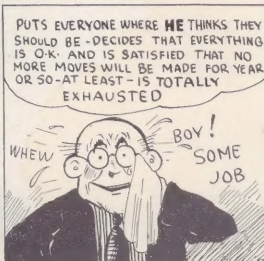
There is a bigger spirit back of the Kaufmann organization than that which rules in smaller establishments. There is a reason for the size of that store. With conscientious regard for our duty we determined at least to make the request of Kaufmann's and accordingly sent in our name and business to Oliver Kaufmann, awaiting our fate with cold resignation. Instead of the chilling refusal we had every right to expect, we suddenly found a black-eyed Valentino sort of chap—a scandalously handsome fellow by the way—sauntering out to us with a friendly, democratic smile, and asking what he could do for us. He ignored the secretaries and other restrictive guardians that hedged him about—he went into the case himself, patiently, thoroughly, fairly and when he had satisfied himself of the worthiness of the cause, he remarked quietly that they would not only display the announcements but would handle the tickets for the affair, free of charge, at their Travel Bureau.

"But what do you get out of it, Mr. Kaufmann?"

"Oh, nothing, our Travel Bureau is simply an accommodation to the public. We do it for the public—and you."

The spirit of public service, of helpfulness, of far-sighted charity, is the animating spirit of The Big Store under the present managers, and those that know Mr. Friedlaender, know how well he will harmonize with that spirit and how splendidly he is qualified for just such an atmosphere, for we never had a more courageous, more kindly, or more intelligent man on the plant than this same Eugene Friedlaender.

## MOVIE OF MOVER WHO GETS MOVED





# THE STORAGRAM

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JULY-AUGUST 1924

## Herbert Kaufmann Addresses Executives

Great men are always mud targets. They are scandalized, ostracized, criticized, cussed and discussed—but always is their genius impressive to their critics. As one man of genius so pertinently remarked, "It's easier to throw stones at a procession than it is to lead one".

Before we heard Mr. Herbert Kaufmann give his remarkable talk to the buyers and executives, we had catalogued him as one of that tiresome tribe, author-turned-lecturer, who so frequently abuse our patience by their oratory. We, (editorially speaking), believed the cobbler should stick to his last, the writer should only express thought for public digestion through newsprint.

But that was before we heard Herbert Kaufmann!

At the start of his address he warned us that he hadn't intended talking and would only go as far as his courage permitted. When he had finished we marveled at the speech, or rather debate, because it was the most unusual address we have heard. Mr. Kaufmann rose to superb heights in the open forum of discussion and time and again gave fresh evidence of his remarkable mental powers by his enlightening remarks. He waged a verbal war with all who disputed his reasoning and soon converted the entire audience to his cause, showing a keen knowledge of merchandising that surprised all of his listeners.

We caught and treasured many gems from his talk but for the greater part were content to sit and listen with the rest, wholly absorbed in the speaker and inwardly resolving to place him on a higher pinnacle than he had held before in our estimation. It was an evening of enlightenment for all and we look forward with the greatest expectancy and pleasure to the next visit this man of genius makes to "The Big Store".

\* \* \*

A tack points heavenward when it means the most mischief. It has many human imitators.

## Respect the Boy

Very distinctly and vividly I remember a slim, freckled boy, who was born in the "Patch," and used to pick up coal along the railroad tracks in Buffalo. A few months ago I had a motion to make before the Supreme Court, and the boy from the "Patch" was the Judge who wrote the opinion granting my petition.

Yesterday I rode horseback past a field where a boy was plowing. The lad's hair stuck out through the top of his hat; his form was bony and awkward; one suspender held his trousers in place; his bare legs and arms were brown and sunburned and briar-scarred. He swung his horses around just as I passed by and from under the flapping brim of his hat he cast a quick glance out of dark, self-bashful eyes and modestly returned my salute. His back turned, I took off my hat and sent a God-bless-you down the furrow after him. Who knows?—I may go to that boy to borrow money yet, or to hear him preach, or to be- him to defend me in a lawsuit; or he may stand with pulse un hastened, bare of arm, in white apron, ready to do his duty, while the cone is placed over my face, and Night and Death come creeping into my veins.

Be patient with the boys—you are dealing with soul-stuff. Destiny awaits just around the corner. Be patient with the boys!—THE "FRA."

\* \* \*

## Al. Heckel Is Honored

Just the other day we noticed an announcement in "The Great White Store Circle" giving news of Mr. Al. Heckel's election to the presidency of the Hamburger's Employees Benevolent Society. Mr. Heckel left "The Big Store" after many years of service here and, since he arrived on the Coast, has given a creditable account of himself. We proffer congratulations from his friends here and hope that his term in office will be pleasantly spent.

## Notice

TO CALL THE EDITOR, DIAL 353  
ON THE AUTOMATIC  
TELEPHONE

## A Suggestion

Mrs. Collins, the artist who designed the cover for this issue, made a most timely suggestion when the drawing was completed. She suggested that it would be both appropriate and seasonable to call this edition the "Vaccination Number" instead of the "Vacation Number", as is lettered on the cover.

We were of the same opinion ourselves, because of the recent vaccinating but yielded to custom on the ground that vacations are far more interesting and pleasant than vaccinations. But we do thank Mrs. Collins most graciously for her suggestion and rather wish we had asked her to decorate the water nymphs on the cover with anti-smallpox arms.



# Cameraóraphs





# from Bear Run







# Educational Notes

This month we have two puzzles for you!

1. If you were in the delivery department where would you send a package bearing this label?

595 Cash  
Mrs E H Wanner  
Still Waters  
Colorado.  
P.O. 1  
1171-10

2. If on your July bill you were charged with the item listed below and had never been on the golf links in your life,—what would be your state of mind?

1 Brassiere 3rd	
JUN 20 1924 82 KDS 82	
52933 49	
ACCOM. PKGS. SPELL NUMBER	VALUE \$ TOTAL
IDENTIFIED BY _____ WRITE YOUR NAME IN FULL	

Now, back to puzzle No. 1 again. After much squinting, and questioning the delivery department,—figured it out that this merchandise was to go to Still Waters, Colorado, as that is the only state beginning with C—which has a town Still Waters. The Parcel Post department made out the label, the item was taken apart and carefully packed, and its long journey began. Unclaimed in this town the postal authorities notified us, so the package is now on its way back to the store. When it arrives will it be in good condition or damaged?

Usually the answers to puzzles "appear in the next issue"—but this one is too good to keep to ourselves that long. The correct address is Still Waters, Columbus Co., Pa., R. F. D. No. 1! Could you have guessed it?

Puzzle No. 2:—

After looking up the item in order to trace a complaint, we found that this article was sold in the Corset Dept. (Note:—We're not picking on you, Corset Dept.,—just telling what we discovered). The customer's mind was so taken up with the idea of golf when she read the item, that she forgot all about purchasing a brassiere last month. Do you blame her?

## How To Become a Better Salesperson

It is not difficult to learn how to sell goods. Salesmanship is a profession and not an art that is to be born in you.

Here are five simple things that will help you to become a better salesperson. Learn them, think about them, and put them in practice every day in the store, and you will become more efficient:

1. Courtesy to the customer.
2. A desire to please the customer.
3. Interest in your work.
4. A knowledge of your goods.
5. Selling the value of your goods.

—Talks to Retail Salespeople.

\*\*\*

## Sell Yourself

The spirit of friendliness is essential to a successful and profitable career. There is a proven method for fostering that friendliness and by it binding your customers closer to you and making them real boosters for you. The method is, be interested in your merchandise by being sold in it yourself, then most of all, be sold on your job and the reliability of your house. Then friendliness is easy to cultivate because when you are sold on your job and your merchandise, it is easy to sell it to your customers.

O. M.

\*\*\*

## A Contribution

If you think you're beaten, you are,  
If you think you dare not, you don't  
If you'd like to win but think you can't  
It's almost certain you won't.

If you think you'll lose, you're lost  
For out in the world we find  
Success begins with a fellow's will,  
It's all in the state of mind.

If you think you're outclassed, you are  
You've got to think high to rise,  
You've got to be sure of yourself before  
You can ever win a prize.

Life's battles don't always go  
To the stronger or faster man,  
But soon or late, the man who wins,  
Is the man who *thinks* he can.

ANONYMOUS

\*\*\*

We take inventory of merchandise, but  
to take inventory of our own individual  
Try it. Read the sixteen points of interest  
the first page of your salesbook.

\*\*\*

Words frequently mis-spelled:

Boudoir  
Mattress

Be sure items on your salescheck are  
correctly spelled.





### Rest and Recreation Room, Thirteenth Floor

The above is a photograph of the new Rest Room at noon hour. It is a well lighted, airy room on the 13th Floor adjoining the dining room for employees and is a favorite haunt of the girls who would relax a bit during their noonday period.

New furniture, new lamps, curtains, and lights now adorn the place and lend greatly to its attractiveness. In the background may be

seen the store library, where the latest books may be had by employees. The room is also equipped with facilities for writing, and has lounges for those who would recline.

When not at Bear Run, Miss McKenzie may be found here during the day, as she has formed an attachment for the place since it is such a great improvement over the old Eighth Floor quarters.

### Old School Salesmanship

Recently we overheard Mr. Jacobi and Mr. Greene, discussing salesmanship. Mr. Jacobi related an instance that came under his observation some years ago that, in his opinion, constituted real salesmanship.

A customer entered a men's furnishings store in a small town and asked to be shown some soft pleated shirts, size 15, white. The clerk was well aware of the fact that they were out of that size but he displayed before the customer's gaze some three or four styles of pleats in various widths, none of which was size fifteen, though he did not mention that they were out of that size.

While the customer was hesitatingly trying to decide upon the style of a pleat, the clerk held forth a black pleated shirt, size fifteen, of a style that was in vogue several years previous. He ventured the remark that, while the style was "all the rage", it was his opinion that black would soon supersede it, and suggested that the customer become one of the first in introducing the new style.

The suggestion seemed to convince the customer, who bought it, but in a day or two came

back to have it exchanged for a white shirt. In the meantime, the merchant received size fifteen, made the exchange and saved the sale.

+ + +

Economy has its own reward, ask Mrs. Berger how she got her—first million—probably by hunting for lost hairpins. Never let a hairpin get away even if it does keep your room-mate awake while you spend half of the night crawling over the floor looking for the one you dropped.

+ + +

### "Go to It"

If you have a job you don't like then do it right away.

If you don't you're sure to rue it 'twill follow you all day.

Like a shadow all about you this work keeps creeping on,

Until you get up and do it—then dreading it is gone.

+ + +

—There was a young lady from Natchez

Who fell in some needle weed patches,

She now sits in her room,

With a heart full of gloom,

And scratchez, and scratchez, and scratchez.

—Hamilton (Ont.) Herald.



## *Cruising About The (a) Isles Of The Store*

By The Store Reporter

Another hot day, a regular scorcher, and the store is filled with people escaping the heat of the streets. "How's your vaccination?" seems to be a popular greeting nowadays and you can't get in a crowd without bumping several people who are carrying their arms gingerly through traffic. I'll try to steer clear of squalls by avoiding the mob today.

**In The Basement**—Where vaccinations are as common as street fights on Wylie Ave. There's the young lady of the Shoe Department who so gracefully did the Hula act in the carabet I witnessed at Bear Run. She's quite a dancer and Mr. Dimel says the same thing of her selling. A chat with Hohenstein about Isaac Herz, a laugh from one of Goldspinner's race track tales and I'm on my way to the Yard Goods. The girls at the wrapping desk are having a strenuous time keeping abreast of the sales here. In the Drapery section in time to see Friedman help a woman select some draperies. He tips me off about a certain girl's engagement but I have since forgotten her name. Through the Millinery without event but catch sight of Keller and Starr in conference just before I ascend steps. Now on the

**Main Floor**—Straight across width of store to Drug Department where I note that Paley is "riding the fence", to use a term of Herbert Kaufmann's. Down to Perfumery counters for a whiff or two, then along the Jewelry aisle to the Men's Furnishings. To the Stationery and a visit with Bill Price the Nashville tennis star who thinks Hazen Cuyler of the Pirates will soon be the league's best outfielder. I break away reluctantly and cruise slothfully along crowded aisles to the steps where I set sail for the

**Second Floor**—Here I encounter Miss Stevenson as she is about to enter an elevator. The head of our Mail Order Shoppers is indeed a most obliging person and I have reason to be grateful to her for the trouble she took recently to help me out. To Auto Supplies where White and Vance are conversing, but I do not interfere. Around rear of elevators and through the Men's Shoe Section. Mr. Horne and Miss Flaherty are talking trunks or something about the department and I sail past unruffled and unnoticed. Now in the Men's Clothing Section and I condone with Barney Blum for his recent Bear Run losses.

A respectful "Hello" to Eddie Meyers, a pleasant smile to Oxenreiter and I sail on, heading for port on the

**Third Floor**—Bauerley and Harris are surveying their spacious department with pride and, no doubt, seeing in its enlarged selling area a corresponding increase in sales volume. It is well located now and ought to find immediate favor with our patrons. A lingering tour of the Toys then a polite visit to the Millinery Section and I leave for the

**Fourth Floor**—Here I find Matz and stop for a moment or so. Woodmansee is near the Service Desk as usual and "Tiny" Broecker is

zealously patrolling the Waist Department. The Beauty Shop is having a big day, no doubt beautifying the girls who are going away. They'll be buying freckle cream from Paley after they return. A rather hasty trip about the floor and I'm off with sails spread full, for the

**Fifth Floor**—Here Mandell is encountered but is busy, too busy for even a brief rest. Miss Robb introduces me to Miss Eckert, who is quite nice and very entertaining. Miss Flynn is in the Interior Decorating Department and gives me quite an idea of its merchandise. My time is limited and the ship cannot sail much further, so I'll quit here for the

**Sixth Floor**—Miss Riley and Mr. Schwartz are now in Europe on a buying trip. There's Mr. O. M. Kaufmann and Joe Meyers admiring a small child while talking to her mother. Mrs. Keener is standing with Phil Porterfield chatting about departmental subjects I presume. McLaughlin and O'Connor are both busy and I won't stop. On my way to the

**Seventh Floor**—Mr. and Mrs. Herbert Kaufmann, with Mr. Traub, Mr. Braunstein, Mr. Hornberger and Mr. Schleicher are grouped in the Radio section. Wish I could broadcast my thoughts as profitably as the famous editorial writer. Breezing over the territory of Mr. Sidowsky-Reilly-Flynn, but do not catch sight of that distinguished gentleman. His floor's display doesn't interest me greatly, so I'll head away without even taunting the monkey. A pleasant elevator operator, Cole is his name I believe, makes the trip to the next floor with me as his sole passenger. Now on the

**Eighth Floor**—Vanderslice sees me approaching and escapes from my sight. I'm not getting a warm reception here, to say the least. B. T. Smith is another terrifying person to annoy during business hours, but I can talk of him in security through this column, if I will. Am interested in the display of summer furniture here, it is a pleasing reminder that my vacation is close at hand now. Passing up the Ninth Floor and heading for the

**Tenth Floor**—Where I could find enough gossip to fill the section. Mr. E. J. Kaufmann is talking with Mr. Greene near the file cases. On into the Advertising where the usual bedlam of noise is rising. Buyers excitedly shouting and talking, all at the same time and almost all of the subjects are petty little differences of opinions. And this is where one is to concentrate!

Out again and touring the floor. Mr. Paul and Miss Foley, Mr. Hauser, Mr. Thieret—I see 'em all as I pass along the aisle but haven't time for notes on each. Over to Jo Pauley's place with a package and a smile—then back into my shell to finish the day. The cruise must end here this month because the skipper is forced to cut it short.

'Till next month,

ADIOS.



Edgar J. Kaufmann, Esq.,  
President,  
Kaufmann's Dept. Stores, Inc.,  
Fifth Ave. and Smithfield St.,  
Pittsburgh, Pa.

My dear Mr. Kaufmann:

I make purchases and get information quite frequently in the household and hardware department of your excellent store, and I wish to commend most highly the unusual and interested attention and courtesy of your manager in that department, Mr. Yates.

He is so unusually accommodating and attentive to customers like myself, who are in haste, that I take pleasure in calling your attention to him.

Very truly yours,  
WILLIAM D. GRIMES.

\* \* \*

### Mrs. Geis Writes From The West

Mr. Greene received the following message on a post card sent to him by Mrs. Geis from Yellowstone National Park, late in June:

"Dear Mr. Greene:

I am here at Yellowstone at last—the wish of my heart. I am just having a wonderful time and am a real hiker.

Best wishes

MRS. GEIS.

\* \* \*



### Mr. Browning Has The Chair

\* \* \*

Willie (to his father who had recently married the 2nd time):

"There's a shop in the High St. just like you daddy."

Father: "Shop like me? What do you mean?"  
Willie (getting near to the door): "Why it's under entirely new management."



### Dan Kaldor, At Ease

\* \* \*

### What He Couldn't Do

There wasn't much he didn't know,  
Or much he couldn't do.  
French, German, Slav or Eskimo,  
He knew the language tip to toe,  
And still his knowledge grew.  
Pons asinorum, fourth dimension,  
Could not floor him, not to mention  
Anthropology, campanology,  
These were trifles from the knowledge he  
Kept stored up in his head.  
Nothing at a loss had he,  
Logic, surds or prosody;  
Then, as for algebra and Greek,  
He learned them both within a week.  
Indeed the people said  
That this encyclopaedic cuss  
Was something of a gen-i-us—  
A sort of all-eclipsing star,  
Who in his day would rise afar  
To shine above the mob.  
But though this youth of whom I sing  
Could turn his hand to anything,  
Just one small talent did he lack,  
A trifling one that kept him back,  
He couldn't hold his job.

SELECTED.

\* \* \*

### LEGAL AID BUREAU

Kaufmann's Protective and Beneficial  
Association

EMANUEL AMDUR, Esq., Counsel.

Legal advice furnished without charge  
to employees of The Big Store.

Office Hours: Tuesday and Thursdays,  
9 to 10 A. M.



## Second Floor

The Management offers another creditable and saving proposition—One-fourth off on the best clothing obtainable. This should interest the "knowing ones". The department meetings on Tuesdays are instructive and interesting. Mr. Oxenreiter ably outlined how to overcome laxities and deficiencies. A discourse on misfitting a customer and how to handle trade in general was a feature of one of the meetings.

Salesman:—"If you will kindly step this way, I will be pleased to show you our latest model."

Customer:—"Well, that sounds good, bring her out. I'll see what she looks like."

If it's moving, Shanahan has nothing on Mr. Edward Meyers. He keeps them going at a speedy gait. Hot stuff, and plenty of it, Barney Blum is watching the daily weather forecast. Fair and warmer sounds musical to him.

\*\*\*



## Who Knows This Fellow?

\*\*\*

Salesman:—"My friend, don't you think it rather uncomfortable to wear a two-pants suit this warm weather? I am sweltering in this single pair."

How and where they will spend their vacations: Ben Jacobs would like to spend two weeks fishing at Starve Island, Lake Erie—if—

Our congenial secretary has made reservations for a two weeks' stay at Conlon's Cottage, Put-In-Bay.

Ed Hartman will put in his time picking cherries. Warning, be careful Edward, you know what happened last year.

Sol Hirsh bought the Pollock Schmoker and is well set to go to the seashore.

Chuck Allen will look them over at Atlantic City.

Ted Brown says, "I'm not pertickler—I may go to Bay Rum with the Bosses."

Hick, Ike and Morris Feldman are figuring on automobile trips with their families.

G. Will Treman, will divide his time with Mom close to home.

Punctures, detours, adventures, and how the big ones got away. Stories many times retold. Nevertheless, they enjoyed their vacations.

\*\*\*

## "Town Tattler" Tells Tale On Tongue

The following letter was received by Mr. E. J. Kaufmann and given to "The Storagram" for publication. The courteous gentleman mentioned, happens to be Mr. Tongue, our Sixth Floor buyer for the Wash Goods Department, whose English accent is beyond disguise.

Many store people will remember the writer, Mr. David J. Davies, as the "Town Tattler" of The Pittsburgh Dispatch and the originator of the T. T. T. (Town Tattler Tribe), an organization formed from the readers of his columns. Mr. Davies' columns were among the most widely read in this city and he won great popularity by his "open forum" every morning, where readers find unique discussions under way and pertinent, unusual news of the city.

\*\*\*

Kaufmann's "The Big Store"  
Pittsburgh, Pa.  
Gentlemen:

It is seldom that one meets up with such a courteous gentleman as the one encountered in your store by the undersigned and his wife, last Saturday, that I cannot forbear the temptation to write you.

The gentleman I refer to is evidently a floorman. He is stationed in the yard-goods department on the Sixth Floor. I doubt not, taking his accent for it that he is English. In any event, Mrs. Davies and myself are of the opinion that he is one of the most courteous store attaches we have ever met. Observing that we were examining goods that were on display, he explained the nature of said goods, and when he decided to buy, took the piece to the sales-counter, with instructions to the sales-lady to serve us immediately.

It was a small thing; but the "small" things are what make life worth the living.

Yours truly,

DAVID J. DAVIES,

Advertising Manager,

W. & H. Walker, Inc.

(Formerly Town Tattler on Pittsburgh Dispatch.)

\*\*\*

Do you ever stop to think of the Packers and the lot that must be theirs,

For they stand from start to finish, and they never use a chair,

They pack china, glass, or crockery, house furnishings or a G. I. can,

In fact they pack up everything for the household used by man,

We try to give the best we have, and use our utmost care,

To pack our orders so that they will travel anywhere.

So if you want to see some packing or to give your eyes a treat,

Stop in and see the boys who—? do the packing at Forbes Street.

Handlon, Hefly, Griffin, Cohen and Stahl. Warehouse-Packers from Forbes Street—All.

J. GRIFFIN, Forbes St.



### The Chief Menace of Middle Life

The following is the fifth of a series of Radio Talks given under the direction of the Sanitation Committee of the Allegheny County Medical Society. They were broadcasted by station KDKA at the Pittsburgh Post Studio of the Westinghouse Electric and Manufacturing Company.

The chief menace of middle life is the group of so-called degenerative diseases of the heart, blood vessels, and kidneys. Since the same factors may lead to impairment of all the above mentioned structures, they are grouped as the leading causes of death in those beyond 35 years of age.

Between 25 and 34 years Organic Heart Disease causes as many deaths as Lobar Pneumonia. Between 35 and 44 years Organic Heart Disease carries more deaths than Bright's Disease. 45 years Organic Heart Disease shows a higher death rate than any other cause.

Organic Heart Disease causes more deaths than Pneumonia, Cancer or Tuberculosis; and, as it claims most of its victims during the productive middle age period, is much more important from an economic standpoint than any of the above mentioned diseases.

If the death rate from automobile accidents were to be multiplied by six, the automobile would be as much of a menace as heart disease. Everyone is greatly concerned about methods to make the public highways safe but very few are interested in the vastly greater problem of helping to lengthen the highway of useful life.

If an individual has heart disease, he should be placed under competent medical supervision in order that his period of usefulness to society may be prolonged. With skillful treatment and intelligent after care, including proper convalescence, supervision in the home and workshop, the selection of a suitable occupation and the extension of facilities for public health agencies doing this type of work, many victims of heart disease can be made useful assets instead of community liabilities.

Contrary to popular belief, death without any warning to the skilled physician, is not common in heart disease; proper supervision of the patient may and does postpone such an outcome—usually impending heart failure of an extreme degree is preceded by ample warning.

The life of the average patient with the more common types of heart disease could be prolonged for a period of from two to twenty years if it were possible to apply all the measures now known for combating heart disease.

The medical treatment of diseases of the heart is not within the scope of this address.

The main causes of heart disease are certain infectious diseases and unsuitable modes of life and dietary habits.

Infectious diseases, particularly rheumatism and syphilis, should be controlled.

Teeth, tonsils and adenoids should be examined and necessary treatment given as soon as possible, in order to close the gateways of infection.

Convalescence after any of the acute infectious diseases should be prolonged and the patient should remain under supervision with examination from time to time until the liability to heart disease has diminished.

Proper social service agencies are necessary

for poor patients leaving the hospital after an acute infectious disease. If they return to unhygienic surroundings the work of the hospital is often undone.

More regard is necessary for so-called growing pains in children, commonly found to be infectious or inflammatory origin.

Supervision of nutritional defects is needed; establishment of supervised kitchens in school and factories would be of great assistance.

Avoidance of mid-age over-exertion, improper habits, intoxications, etc., should be urged.

Adults leading sedentary lives whose activities are chiefly mental, who get but little out of door exercise, who eat too much and sleep too little, frequently suffer from circulatory changes. The exact effect upon the heart of poisons derived from this mode of life, as well as from the habitual use of alcohol, tobacco, tea and coffee in intemperate amounts cannot be definitely and precisely stated, but, if one's mode of life is such as above described, it is wise to change it.

Physical examination, at least once a year, by a competent doctor of medicine and by no one else, is advised for every individual in the community, regardless of age or station in life.

The greatest menace to public health today is heart disease; the economic waste caused by it is appalling. With an informed public carrying out the measures necessary to combat it the span of life can without doubt be lengthened and many unwilling liabilities in the community can be transferred into happy, useful citizens.

\* \* \*



A Sketch From Life

\* \* \*

He: "Do you think kissing is as dangerous as the doctors say?"

She: "Well, it has put an end to a good many bachelors."

LONDON OPINION.





### A Seventh Floor Favorite

\* \* \*

### Our Annual Store Picnic

Saturday, July 12th was a red letter day at "The Big Store" because after the store was closed at one o'clock, the employees packed themselves into street cars and started for West View Park where our annual picnic was held. Athletic events, a baseball game with our store team emerging victorious and a thousand-and-one other high lights of fun featured the day.

The huge crowd was a very orderly one and also very enthusiastic, though John Macks had to call the band to aid his stentorian voice in drawing them to witness the athletic events at the field. Those in charge of the picnic are to be commended for the thoroughness of their work and all who attended are grateful to them.

\* \* \*

### Jewelry Department

His visit home from his out of town unk was the reason for Evelyn's sudden and beautiful marcel, the other day.

We find that both the presence and efficient work of Miss Alice Walton are almost indispensable to the Bead and Pearl Department. Her lengthy vacation will end in September.

Jean Torley is again frisking along the aisles of the Jewelry Department, in her usual way, after a long absence due to an operation.

With hook and rod, Buyer E. P. Sebright spent two weeks in Wisconsin with the fish.

A chip off the old block is Frank B. Albright, only with an additional hobby of that "hit straight from the shoulder game." Having engaged himself thusly for two weeks at Lake Placid, Lake Star and Lake Moon, that probably accounts for the embarrassing shine on his face.

We just know that new niece of Leana Stein's will be the ruler of the household, having such fond parents, grandparents and so many aunts.

By FLORENCE THOMAS.

### "Married Now"

I'm married now. When young I said  
That never, never would I wed;  
"It's just the same as being dead,"

Was my remark.

And every marriageable dame  
Who loved the music of my name  
I flirted with, but kept my flame  
A tiny spark.

Think not, because I was a saint,  
I did my loving with restraint,  
Oh, no, no, no,—the answer ain't

Not no such thing.

I bachelored it in constant fear  
That some sly maid would bellow, "Here,  
I've heard you call yours truly 'dear,'  
Give me a ring."

And strange as it may sound to you,  
My fears of fears at last came true,  
No more do I stay out till two—

My goose is cooked.

I have a noose about my neck;  
I'll soon be one domestic wreck—  
What jesters call a henrypeck—  
For I've been hooked.

My better half is sweet and blond,  
Of graceful lines—a very frond—  
And unequivocally fond

Of my young life.

And though no longer do I mix  
My rye, but strike for home at six,  
Do I feel sorry for me? Nix—

I love my wife.

BURT'S BOX BULLETIN.

\* \* \*

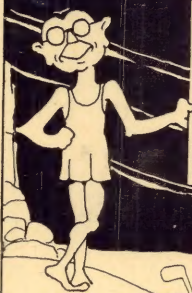


Mr. Davis In A Few Pen Strokes



# VACATION-O-GRAMS

"What We Did And Didn't" On Our VACATIONS



WHOSE VACATION IS THIS ANY WAY?

STEAMER TO PARIS

PLEASE HURRY GEORGIE

HE HAD PLANNED A FISHING TRIP WITH THE BOYS BUT "WIFEY" HAD PLANS OF HER OWN



FORE!

BOYS FROM SECOND FLOOR PLAYED GOLLUF

WHAT 4?

4 NUTTIN'

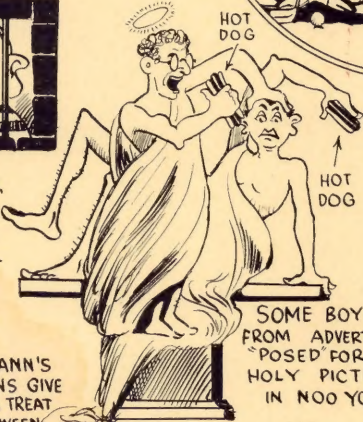


LOOKY!

WHAT 2 WEEKS OF ROUGHIN' IT "WHERE MEN ARE MEN" DID TO THIS BIRD



VACATION IN JAIL  
THERE ARE BARS THAT MAKE US HAPPY,  
THERE ARE BARS THAT MAKE US BLUE,  
BUT THE BARS THAT FILL OUR  
HEARTS WITH TEAR DROPS-  
ARE THE BARS THAT WE ARE  
LOOKIN' THRU'



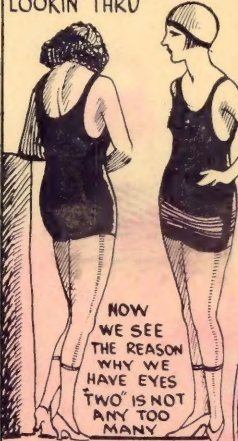
HOT DOG

HOT DOG

SOME BOYS FROM ADVERTISING "POSED" FOR HOLY PICTURES IN NOO YORK



A MOONLIGHT SEASHORE  
SILHOUETTE AT MIDNIGHT  
AT SOME SOUTHERN  
SUMMER RESORT SOMEWHERE  
IN SOUTH CAROLINA



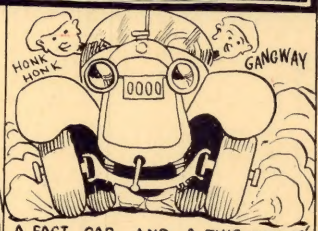
KAUFMANN'S QUEENS GIVE US A TREAT BETWEEN DIPS IN THE COOL POOL AT BEAR RUN CAMP

NOW WE SEE THE REASON WHY WE HAVE EYES TWO IS NOT ANY TOO MANY

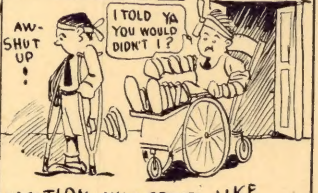


THE PEACEFUL COUNTRY

OBOY-THIS IS THE LIFE! THEY'RE BITIN' GREAT



A FAST CAR AND A TWO WEEKS TOUR AHEAD-ENDED FIRST DAY



VACATION WAS SPENT LIKE THIS



DEAD BROKE - AND 170 MI. FROM HOME - MORAL - KEEP MONEY FOR TICKET BACK



